

At Stoney Creek

HUNDREDTH
ANNIVERSARY
OF THE BATTLE

June the Sixth, 1913



FC 446
S75
M33
1913
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ON THE
**HUNDREDTH
ANNIVERSARY
OF THE BATTLE
JUNE 6, 1913**



By
CHARLES R. McCULLOUGH
HONORARY PRESIDENT
Association of Canadian Clubs
PAST PRESIDENT
Canadian Club of Hamilton

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O Canada! Our fathers' land of old,
Thy brow is crown'd with leaves of red and gold,
Beneath the shade of the Holy Cross
Thy children own their birth,
No stains thy glorious annals gloss,
Since valour shields thy hearth.
Almighty God! on Thee we call,
Defend our rights, forfend this nation's thrall.

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HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE

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ON the high anniversary of the Victory of Stoney Creek we are met not to glorify a conflict between kindred men, but rather are we assembled together to dedicate with thankful hearts this monument to the memory of men who gave their lives for a principle.

The triumph of our patriot fathers beneath this historic hill laid safe and sure the foundations of a nation yet to be, and we, their prospering heirs, possess in peace the rights and liberties for which their lives were spent. Well might a convicting conscience wait upon those who in the long ago sought to impose upon our freedom-loving fathers a freedom foreign to their faith, and ruthlessly let loose the latent passions of a kinsmen's war.

Look out upon these smiling fields margined by emerald heights and the celestial blue of old Ontario, and measure the princely patrimony come down to us through their great sacrifice! Upon the momentous struggle of this war depended whether Canada should be bond or free. That she is free is due to spirit of our ancestors on this and other fields a full century ago. There is I trust no essential difference between those who gather about this shaft today and they who so nobly contended for our rights and liberties in the long ago. May the Canadian of this and future days even as his

forebears of a century ago, he ever found shoulder to shoulder with his British brother when right and duty call to service.

Here was staged one of the most sanguinary scenes in that dread drama that made way for a Peace that has now blessed two kindred peoples for a hundred years. May the Father of nations give unto both such wise forbearance as may insure a like condition for centuries to come. May the rattle of musketry and the roar of guns never more rouse the awful echoes of war within this smiling vale, and may those who teach their children from the self-same page of holy writ show forth in action the tenets of their common faith.

May this monument impress upon the wayside traveller and upon the scholar on his way to school that in the earlier years of his country's history his cause was fought upon this sacred soil by men of high and noble daring, who accounted life itself not so dear as the rights and liberties they possessed under the gentle sway of Britain's sceptre. But the real and enduring monument is not that seen with the outer eye. This massive masonry reared by patient hands, these entablatures composed with scholars' cunning do not constitute the true memorial to our illustrious dead. An imperishable memorial is set in the hearts of a grateful people and there are enshrined the names of Harvey and his gallant men. There shall they live from generation to generation and so long as virtue dwells within Canadian breasts.

The possession of broad acres, of innumerable industries, of great financial institutions and other forms of personal and public wealth, will not prove our tower of sole defence in the day of a future visitation. We must be strong in body, soul and spirit if we would hold those rights and liberties won for us on many a

hard fought field and hand them on intact if not enriched to future generations.

Let it ever be remembered to the glory of the motherland that in our day of greatest need and her need too, she sent her soldiers and her sailors too, to help her struggling child against an unprovoked aggressor. And too, lest we forget, she at the same time strained herself to battle for the freedom of a world and gloriously o'erthrew Napoleon in the zenith of his power.

Let this monumental pile be the testimony of this after generation of grateful remembrance of heroic souls whose devotion to King and Country preserved to us this goodly Northern Land.

Shall ever again come hostile men not o'er forest trails but on the wings of modern craft to spread havoc in this now peaceful vale? Shall the vineyards that will later empurple the hillsides with their royal pendants be torn by shot and shell and shall ever again invaders' campfires devour the fields and orchards where Autumn garners her gold and crimson store? Shall thriving villages and prospering towns know ever again the tramp of warring men, and yonder city, that celebrates with us her century of progress, renew the rolling earthworks that mark brave Vincent's line of last defence? Shall she ever know the smell of war's foul smoke and feel the shock of bursting shell and falling tower? May Providence prevent such things.

Surely it must be the heartfelt prayer of all assembled here that this memorial convey to the remotest Canadian posterity that in this our day of growing greatness and of abounding prosperity we counted it loving service to loyally celebrate the virtues of our valourous forebears who strove and striving won upon this fateful field.

But the safety of a nation lies not alone

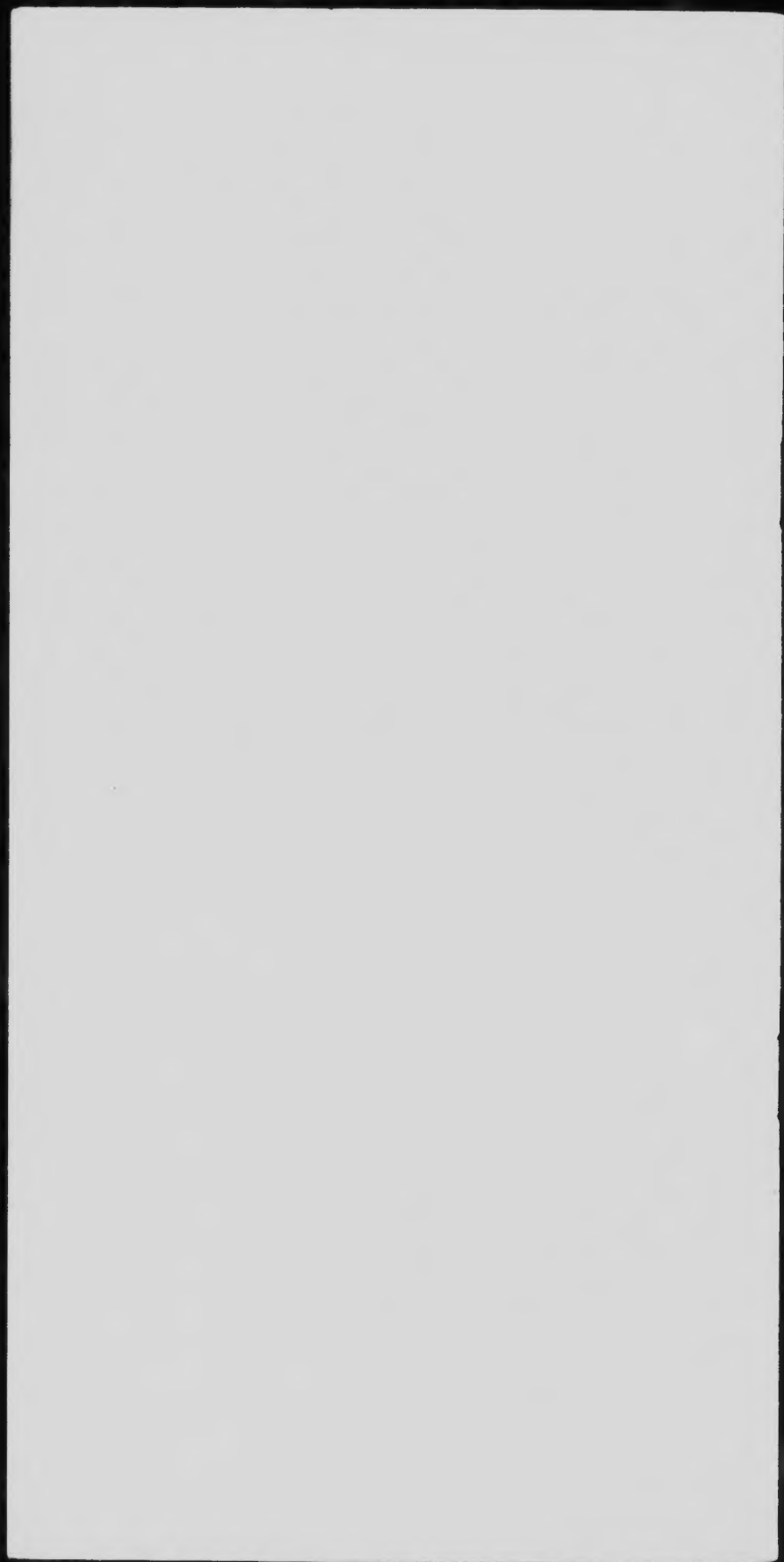
in prayers. The piping days of peace may find us fat in purse but lean in soul. The saving grace of a people lies not in its material but in its spiritual resources. If, therefore, we would be truly strong we must cultivate a lofty love of country, maintain a sturdy spirit in reserve, and train ourselves for high and noble service for kith and kin where'er they be. Better return to the dangers and privations of the long ago, and hold those homely virtues that then preserved the state, than to ride on the wings of the wind, to be clothed in purple and fine linen, to dine sumptuously every day, and in the end to lose the soul of a once worthy people.

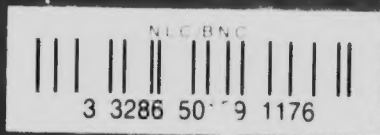
Unless we weave into the fabric of our lives the lesson taught by Stoney Creek, its stones and tablets will have little meaning for this Canadian people, and the loving labours of the President and members of this society, to whom be all honour, will in the end prove of little worth.

In the dominant spirit displayed by the men of Queenston Heights, of Stoney Creek, of Chateauguay, of Chrysler's Farm and Lundy's Lane lay in their day the safety of Nation and Empire and shall so lie whilst these endure.

May the tale of Stoney Creek be told beside unnumbered firesides in the long hereafter of our Country's history and may its telling arouse young souls to high endeavour for home and native land. When dangers threaten, let us learn as they of old the wisdom of "unity in our councils," and seek in all we think and say and do to harmonize the varied elements composing this Canada of ours—that living mass of Briton, Celt and Gaul, that human trinity, which, happily harmonized and fittingly fashioned together shall be the very body, soul and spirit of this young nation of illimitable possibilities.

May God preserve thee, Canada,
Tho' child among the Nations,
'Mid Proudest lands, strong hearts and hands
Shall claim for thee a station,
Land of the forest and the lake,
Land of the rushing river,
Our prayers shall rise for thy dear sake,
Forever and forever.





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